https://www.twitlonger.com/show/6c7fvg

Dean doesn't like the woods. Not when there's usually bears and nastier things in the woods, and if there's a swamp or pond attached to the woods, well, he's not going to be a happy camper - literally.

Castiel, on the other hand, won't move away from the damn pond. Dean's thankful that his angel hasn't taken off his shoes and socks, but from the way Cas is studying it, Dean wouldn't be surprised.

"Dean," Cas says, and Dean sighs and comes over. There's no disobeying that tone, not when Cas' intense stare is trained on something. (Dean does feel relief that it's not aimed at him, though.)

Cas crouches, stretches out his hands, and with a rightquick motion has caught something in his cupped hands. He straightens, and after a moment, shows what he's caught to Dean. (See here: http://bit.ly/9a3Nxl)

"..a frog, Cas? Seriously?" Dean asks, and if this isn't weirdest thing Cas has shown him, well, it's up there on the weird scale.

Castiel nodded solemnly and gently released the frog back to the pond. He then proceeded to kiss Dean, lightly, just a faint brushing of lips.

"I enjoy sharing my Father's world with you, Dean," Castiel said lightly, and Dean, well, okay. He wouldn't tease Cas about it later.

And if he couldn't/wouldn't tease, well - he leans in, and kisses Cas back, a little harder this time.

"Anytime, Cas, anytime." He says with a smile.